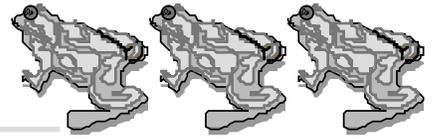


Frog Humor



A pioneering biogenetic scientist had been very successful for a number of years cloning frogs, and he finally came up with one that could talk. In time, however, the frog's language became quite profane. No matter what the scientist tried, he could not clean up the frog's language. One afternoon, in frustration, he clacked two spoons together, causing the startled frog to jump off the table. It plummeted to its death on the floor below. The police soon arrived and arrested the scientist ... for making an obscene clone fall.



There once was a frog King who was king to a dominion of adoring frogs, and they all lived in a huge grass hut at the edge of the wet prairie. The King collected thrones and had hundreds of them stored in the attic of the hut in which they all lived. Every time he got a new throne that he liked better than the one he was sitting on, he would use the new one and store the old one in attic along with the rest of his collection. He hoped that his throne collection would become his legacy and find a permanent home in a museum upon his demise.

At the time, he was sitting on a very large and ornate golden throne. This throne was very heavy and was also very cold and hard to sit on, so the King was hoping to acquire a new throne and add this one to his collection.

As it just so happened, his best friend from a neighboring kingdom croaked and left his throne to the King in his will. After waiting an appropriate mourning period, the King sent some of his runners to pick up the throne. They soon returned with a beautifully carved, jewel encrusted teakwood throne which also had a padded leather seat cushion. He fell in love with it right away, and soon his people were trying to move the golden throne up to the attic to add to his collection.

It took hundreds of his people to push and pull the heavy golden throne to the attic. But as soon as they reached the top of the stairs, the weight of the gold throne plus the rest of the stored thrones was too much for the grass hut and it collapsed, killing the frog King and all his people.

And the moral of this story ... people who live in grass houses shouldn't stow thrones.



Q. How many frogs would fit into an 8-ounce glass of water?

A. Toadily too many



A frog goes into a bank and walks up to the window. He can see from the teller's nameplate that the teller's name is Patricia Whack. So he says, "Ms. Whack, I'd like to get a loan to buy a yacht and go on a cruise." The teller asks how much money he wants to borrow, and the frog says around \$50,000. Ms. Whack asks the frog his name and he replies, "Kermit Jagger. It shouldn't be a problem. I know the branch manager."

She explains that \$50,000 is a large sum of money and that he will need to put up something as collateral against the loan. She asks, "Do you have anything you could use as collateral?"

"Sure, I have this," says Kermit, and he produces a small pewter cricket, about an inch tall.

The teller is taken aback, but she takes the cricket and explains that she'll have to get an okay from the branch manager; she turns and walks into an office at the front of the bank. She finds the branch manager and says, "There's a frog named Kermit Jagger out there who says he knows you and wants to borrow \$50,000. He wants to use *this* as collateral," and she holds up the small pewter cricket. "What is this thing supposed to be, anyway?" she asks.

The branch manager looks back at her and says, "It's a knick knack, Patti Whack. Give the frog a loan. His old man's a Rolling Stone."



Q. How deep is a frog pond?

A. Kneedeep, kneedeep